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THE AGE OF BRASS,

THE whole world is undergoing a fearful change. In old times silver and gold were thought the only coins worth the having, but now nothing will do but *brass*! His Majesty's Mint had better lay in a prodigious stock of heavy metal—depend upon it copper will be worth more than its own weight ere long. No Magazine now may hold up its head unless it be copper-fastened, and caulked with brass. PENNY JOURNALS are the only Journals now-a-days to sail with wind and tide in their favour—and the public are in the right of it. Some folks may think that this copper deluge will be the ruin of them—and we dare say many are enjoying a sly laugh at the fearful annoyance which we will have when the PENNIES are pouring in upon us, and all Dublin are clamorous for their Numbers. "Why," say they, "their cellars will be crammed with brass—they'll never get the pennies off their hands—see, see, all sacks in the house are in requisition, and pennies are trundling in every corner! Their profits will be absorbed in sacks and porters—and then the Bank will shut their doors against them, for fear of the terrible deluge of brass. Their Penny Journal will go down, and it well deserves such a fate, for they have joined with the whole brazen crew of Journalists in breaking the prices of literature!"

Now what if we should attempt to prove to these people that the age of brass is the very age both for us and them? Instead of lowering the prices of literature—instead of degrading knowledge by selling it for a Penny—instead of undermining other Journals, and underselling other books, we are doing the very reverse. The great leading Journals, as they are called, with 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. or 5s. neatly inscribed on their covers, are beyond all classes but those who have money to buy, and education to understand, and time to read them. Perhaps now and then, some adventurous youth who has a yearning for something intellectual above the stretch of his station and pockets, may beg or borrow an occasional reading of one of them—but as far as regards the great mass, these Magazines and Reviews are sealed Books. The same remarks are applicable to all literary periodicals, down to the humble sixpenny. The most extensive circulation of any of them scarcely brings them out of their own particular circles, and there they run their rounds, and all the rest of the world are ignorant of them. But our brazen Journal is adapted to be read by *every body*. First, it is so cheap—who could not spare a penny? Second, it is so nice—who would not buy so fine a pennyworth? Third, it is so short and pithy—who is it that has not time to read it? There are three substantial reasons for you! We think we see the artisan coming in to his hasty breakfast, and when he would think it folly to open a book, he spreads the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL before him, and reads a little—then when he comes home at night, tired with labour, and his children climbing his knee, do you think that he would send them about their business, and sit down in silence to a book? We know one fellow of that description—a sulky, surly man—whose children never dared to show their faces at night, or approach him while reading. To be sure, he read a great many books—but what then? His children hated him. But our Journal can be held in one hand, while the worthy man holds a child on his knee with the other—and then at every interval of domestic labour, he can read aloud a little paragraph to his wife or his daughter, who thus can enjoy their share of the Penny without losing a moment of time. Then his little son just beginning to read, will be attracted by the wood-cuts—and by and bye he will learn to read too; and as our Journal circulates from house to house of the working class, it will be raising up a new generation of readers, and be the means of creating a thirst for knowledge where it never existed before. Thus will it be the means of extending the blessings of civilization—it will increase the Booksellers' sales—and enlarge the field for the Press. Should not our appearance, therefore, be hailed by every friend to man? Should not we be welcomed by the poor, and favoured by the rich? Yes, we see the Schoolboy debating whether he will spend his penny on a cake or a number of the Journal. We see the working man hesitating whether he will spend his penny on tobacco or knowledge. We see the young lady opening her reticule, and with a smile buying a number—and old gentlemen and old ladies, whose eyes would be tired reading long articles, hail our appearance with joy. Thus the age of brass is a real blessing, and the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL a decided favourite with all, young and old, rich and poor. Then success to our labours!

AGRICULTURE.

Beyond a doubt, IRELAND, is a *fine* country. Her climate and her soil have long been the boast of her children, and the remark of strangers; her favourite name the EMERALD ISLE, implies that she is equally free from the blighting frosts and chilling winds of more northern regions, and from the burning heats of countries more exposed to the influence of the sun. And why is such a country, thus blessed by the smiles, and watered by the showers, of Heaven, poor and miserable? It is not for us to give the *why* and the *wherefore*. It is enough for us to know that she might rival England in the excellence of her agriculture; it is enough for us to know that from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, from Dublin to Galway, she might be like a fertile garden, pouring forth her riches in exuberant abundance. But beautiful speeches and long sentences about what Ireland MIGHT be, will not MAKE her so. We must buckle up our sleeves and fall to work. And, fellow-countrymen, believe the Conductor of the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL when he assures you, that though, like all men, he looks to his own interest, yet he has your GOOD at heart, and would not, for all the paltry profits of his periodical, either flatter you or slander you. It is intended to give occasionally information on the AGRICULTURE of Ireland; and we sincerely trust that none will take any offence when we find fault, or get proud when we praise: *for until the Agriculture of Ireland is improved, she will never rise in the scale of nations.*

Now the obstacles that lie in the way of the agricultural prosperity of Ireland seem to arise from want of capital, want of industry, and want of system. Wherever we go, we see the tillage of the country evidently suffering under a deficiency of the means that should be employed in an efficient system of husbandry. Poor cattle, wretched machinery, and insufficient manuring, are visible even to the eye of the citizen who scarcely knows wheat from oats. We see men becoming farmers without as much capital as might enable them properly to till a cabbage garden, and struggling from the beginning with difficulties which it is almost impossible to overcome. This great evil is perhaps more owing to the landlord than the tenant. It arose, and is still encouraged by that vile and wretched system of setting to the highest bidder, and at the highest rackrent. This, in short, and without disguise, is the first great cause of the deterioration of Irish agriculture; for in a country where all desire to be farmers, there will naturally be extravagant competition.

The second cause is, the want of regular and steady industry. Irishmen, both farmers and labourers, can work like horses to effect a particular object. Where are the Scotch or English that can match them in a PULL out? But this is not steadily regulated. That's the point. "Steady, boys, steady!" What a time is wasted at fairs, markets, weddings, wakes, and funerals! True, the crop must be sold, our sons and our daughters must be married, and "our dead buried out of our sight." But look at that knot of strong stout fellows lounging about the smith's forge, or gossamer at the corner where idlers, and worse than idlers congregate! Let them go and mend up the broken fences over the way, or turn the cow, or the pigs, or the geese out of the corn! But that very corn is pestered with weeds! Look at the prasha boy flaunting unprofitably gay, and the thistle sending its bearded seeds upon the winds of heaven, to propagate the pestilence in every adjoining field! *Fie, fie, ye lounging, idle fellows!* If the farmer does not go coolly, and regularly, and systematically to work, he may as well go beg!

The third great evil is the want of a regular rotation of crops. Irish farmers, the creatures of circumstances, and often put to their shifts, cannot bring themselves to pursue a regular system of husbandry. Now, farmers, listen to us, and for a Penny a week we will put pounds a year into your pockets. Hillo! you fellow there, you need not go out of the room till we are done. Is the Dublin Penny Journal not worth being listened to? Now, my gay fellow, let us be better acquainted—why do you not adopt a regular system in your farming? When you strive to squeeze as much out of the land at the least expense as possible—what is that conduct like? It is like shutting one eye and winking with the other, and then looking for a needle in a bundle of straw. Do you not know that if you and all your neighbours are cultivating the same kind of grain, merely because there happens to be a high price just now for it in the market, that by and by, a glut will be the consequence, down tumble the prices, you are disappointed, you cry out, "How hard are the

times!" and perhaps attempt to console your sorrow by tossing up your little finger oftener than your head or your purse can bear it. Do you not know that a succession of the same crop takes the very heart out of the earth, and exhausts it so, that it must lie *in bed*, like an old dotard drunkard, to recover strength. When the same crop is successively raised on the same ground, the roots search for, and take away more of the same kind of nourishment from the ground than the manure can supply, and thus the land is deteriorated, and the weeds get a holiday and playground, and do great damage. Now, this is a terrible evil, a crying mischief. Besides, the Irish sky farmer often goes five miles to rent, sow, and cut down a meadow for winter store to his cattle, when he might, if he choose, raise all sorts of green crops, clover, vetches, and turnips, and keep his "dumb brutes" full and hearty at little trouble and little expense.

But we do not intend to give a lecture in *this*, the first week of our existence. We only want to let you know that we have a corner reserved for our country friends, and that we have the opportunity and the disposition to communicate, from time to time, valuable agricultural information. In the mean time—shoulder your spades—your every moment is precious—off to your work; but before you go, give three cheers for the Dublin Penny Journal!

A VISIT TO THE GARDENS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.

We trust those of our readers who live in or near Dublin have already paid a visit to this infant national institution; and that those of them who do not, will read with some little interest a visit to the Gardens of the Zoological Society. When we consider the immense yearly sum which the London Society netts (said to be about £18,000 last year) from casual visitors, it is not too much to suppose, that in proportion to the extent of Dublin, and its population, our Gardens will similarly flourish, and become one of the leading metropolitan attractions.

Well then, suppose that on one of these lovely days of the month of June, when all nature is in growth and bloom, when the sun is not too sultry, nor the ground too hot with dust, we start for the Phoenix Park. How thankful should the citizens of Dublin be, living, as they do, in a town from which the country is accessible on all sides, and the humblest mechanic can, in a few minutes, transport himself into all that is lovely in the combinations of hill and dale, plain, river or ocean! There is no city in the British empire which can either boast such suburbs, or afford such cheap facility in getting conveyed to them.

Starting along the Liffey, by the military road leading to Kilmainham, we cross the beautiful metal bridge, erected in honor of the late King's visit to Ireland, and enter the Park gates. Shall we proceed along the broad magnificent avenue shaded by noble elms planted a century ago, in formal and characteristic fashion, by the great Earl of Chesterfield? No? we will take the less artificial and more Irish-like way, cut by the hand of nature, who knows how to dispose her ornaments in other forms than in clumps and quincunxes, through that sinuous ravine, where the hawthorn, yet in blossom, exhibits those roseate tints that pencil with peculiar beauty the latter days of its bloom, just like the rich, brilliant, but alarming hues that lighten up the dying maiden's cheek! Taking the glen to the right, it will soon lead us to the piece of ground which the Irish Government has so liberally bestowed for the purposes of science—and in truth it is a beautiful and befitting spot. A swell of a green lawn, rising from a broad piece of water, that sweeps back amongst high grounds, and is lost in the upper woods of the Park—here a very pretty lodge, suitable to the scenery, while an extensive view of the mountains, with the broad valley of the Liffey intervening—let them talk as they will about views and prospects—but here is one which challenges comparison with many a boasted scene, and which the humblest citizen of Dublin can enjoy, for the trouble of walking thither.

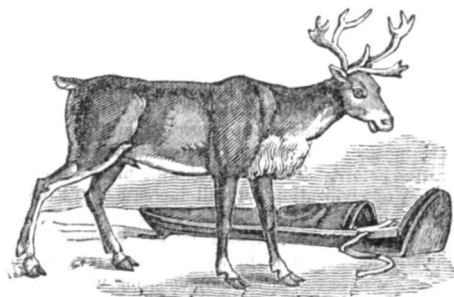
Well, then, we pay our sixpence, and enter the Gardens. To be sure the front is yet not unlike the scaffolding of a Donnybrook fair show—but give time—the Institution is yet *very* young. Now, look at the ground, ye that have travelled to Paris and London, and say could a better spot be better selected for the Dublin Zoological Society? The place where living animals are kept at the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris is crowded to excess—in fact the Menagerie seems but an adjunct to other and more important objects of science; and

considering the number of animals of all sorts, it is not only flat and uninteresting, but inconvenient. The very same is the case at the Regent's Park. The grounds are not *very* interesting—indeed the Park itself is at best but an ugly, unmeaning place; and the portion allotted to the Zoological Society seems to have been carved off with a most niggardly hand—whoever granted it surely said, "We can only give to science a *corner*!" But our collection is small, *very* small, and the best portion of it has been presented with a praise-worthy and honourable liberality, by the London Society; we must make the most of it, observing by the way, that workmen are busily employed in preparing for the reception of additional tenants. Well, now, as we enter, can we not fancy ourselves in Paradise, and removing the idea of cages and barriers, think we see Adam and Eve walking in innocence amongst the creatures, while they sported and frisked about them? It would be rather difficult indeed to set down this whiskered exquisite, with a cigar in his mouth, who is throwing nuts to the monkey, for old father Adam, or this decayed and venerable maiden, whose monstrous bonnet expands over her spare bust, for good mother Eve—but a truce to criticism—here are two grave, philosophic young men, whose remarks must be very instructive; and though we would not be guilty of the rudeness of intruding on any one, we may, without a breach of politeness, follow in rear, and listen to their observations.

"Look at these ostriches, and their adjoining equally foolish-looking companions, the emu's of Australia. The emu has three toes, while the ostrich has only two. Can you not fancy a comparison between them and some bipeds of the human race? Some overgrown *gommagh* of a fellow, who just enjoys as much brains as enables him to count the miles and mark the hour of dinner, and who stalks through life, thrusting his long Paul Pry neck into every body's business but his own!"

"A gentleman who loves a laugh himself, and has as fine a perception of the droll and the witty as any man I ever knew, tells a good story about Turks laughing. He was at a village on the Dardanelles with another English Traveller; while loitering about, he all at once missed his English servant, a humorous creature, worthy of such a master. After some search, H—— was found in the bazaar, dancing a minuet with a tall tame pelican; noways disconcerted at their approach, he finished his dance, and then with a ball-room bow, he took his partner by the wing, and, with a mincing gait, led her to take refreshments at a neighbouring kibab shop. The solemn Turks almost died of laughter, and the roar that arose from the bazaar could be inferior only to that of the Dardanelles battery, when Baron de Tott fired his great gun."

"Good! And do you not think that this scarlet macaw resembles old cross hook-nosed General Slowfoot, who owes his elevation to an improvement he suggested in officers' epauletts—or this cockatoo to our cousin ensign Johnny Newcome! But come round, look at this Nhylgau—signifying *blue cow*—and though it is neither ass nor bull, it seems to partake of both. Its horns have been tipped with *brass*—to keep it from doing mischief, for at first it used to be restive, and would but with a bang against the boards that made its whole wooden habitation shake. And yet what a fine eye the creature has!



But these noble Wapiti deer—they are shedding *their* horns, and they are quite tender and soft.

But here's a *gull*, stretching through the lawn—it was surely entrapped into this place by mistaking a *painted board* for a *fresh herring*! Does it not remind you of our country friend Bob Greedy, who sold his firm in Connaught to buy shares in the — Insurance Company? Or perhaps this buzzard hawk may remind you of Sam Slipperton, your family's pretended